The Sketch

No. 2555—Vol. CXCVII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1942. ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.

EXIT CLAUDETTE!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S *new picture,* "THE PALM BEACH STORY," *due at the Plaza on August 28, is hilarious comedy, guaranteed to make you forget war worries as you watch it. Here's a candid camera still from the picture illustrating one of the star's remarkable exits—she's shot through the panel of a door, her lovely face happily protected by a bath towel. She plays opposite to Joel McCrea, with Rudy Vallee and Mary Astor in other important parts. The film is the fifth picture entirely written and directed by Preston Sturges.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Whispering Gallery. Not even the Censor can make a secret of the fact that there are now many Doughboys in our midst, and more, many more, to come. Anyhow, if it is a secret to anybody in these islands, it is certainly no mystery to the Herr Doktor. It is a very long time since I listened to that crashing bore so inappropriately named Lord Haw-Haw, but I understand that he has been telling us all about each other. And there is plenty of evidence that the Fifth Column is already busily and ingeniously at work on Doughboy-Tommy relations. I have heard from half-a-dozen different persons the same story, with slight variations, about a fight in a pub over a pint of beer and a tactless reference to Dunkirk. Its persistence, and the skilfulness of its dissemination, bear the unmistakable Goebbels stamp. There will be plenty of other stories, and every one of them is to be disbelieved unless proved by first-hand evidence (which never exists, hearsay being the great secret weapon of propaganda). The technique, subtle and dangerous, is to drum away at imaginary incidents until, by sheer insistence, they become realities.

"Going down?" "No, Miss. Surface ship!"

DRAWN BY HAROLD BEARDS.

Lingo and Jingo.

Heaven knows there are enough opportunities for the Father of Lies to exploit. I have been reading the official handbook, which tries to explain to American visitors that we are not always as queer as we seem to be. It is an extraordinarily sensible and well-informed production, and I hope that some equally wise and good-humoured advice is issued to our men "for necessary action, please." We cannot expect perfect tact and courtesy on either side, but there are at least certain pitfalls which can be avoided by a wary look-out. I am not sure that language is not the greatest of them. In some ways, it is unfortunate that "English" is the common language of the two nations, for the similarity conceals the important fact that the "cousins" are *foreigners* to each other. When a whiskered Continental waves his hands and talks gibberish, the Englishman is inclined to treat him with pitying indulgence, because the poor devil can't help being like that. But when a man speaks the same language as yourself (whatever liberties he may take with it), you expect him to be like you and to understand your point of view. Whereas he is very unlike you, and frequently does not understand your point of view at all.

Putting It On. The fact is that we are all absurdly intolerant in this matter of language. An American can never quite get over the fact that an Englishman calls a bath a barth, and cahn't say căn't (obviously the logical pronunciation of abbreviated "cannot"). He has to remind himself all the time that this is not mere affectation, and it is well known that to large sections of the American film public the "English accent" sounds intolerably Ritzy. Similarly, the Briton can never quite reconcile himself to a schedule being a skedule or a squirrel being a squrl. I have known an Englishman wax almost bitterly satirical because an American pronounced "fertile" as "fert'l"; actually, had the critic but known it, this was the approved pronunciation in English fifty years ago. Speech is such familiar currency that any variation in it always seems unnatural. A good many Southrons, I fancy, struggling through Burns with the aid of the glossary, have an irritated sense that this Scots jargon isn't playing fair—it is merely perverse and mangled "English"! I confess that I can never hear an inhabitant of Edinburgh or of Manchester talking in the broad vernacular without a sensation that I am listening to a free "turn" by Sir Harry Lauder or Mr. Stanley Holloway. It seems too good to be true that people should say "Hoots, mon" or "Ee, lad, it's champion" in real life.

"Well, wot I always sez is—it makes a change from hanging over a hot stove all day!"

DRAWN BY ORR.

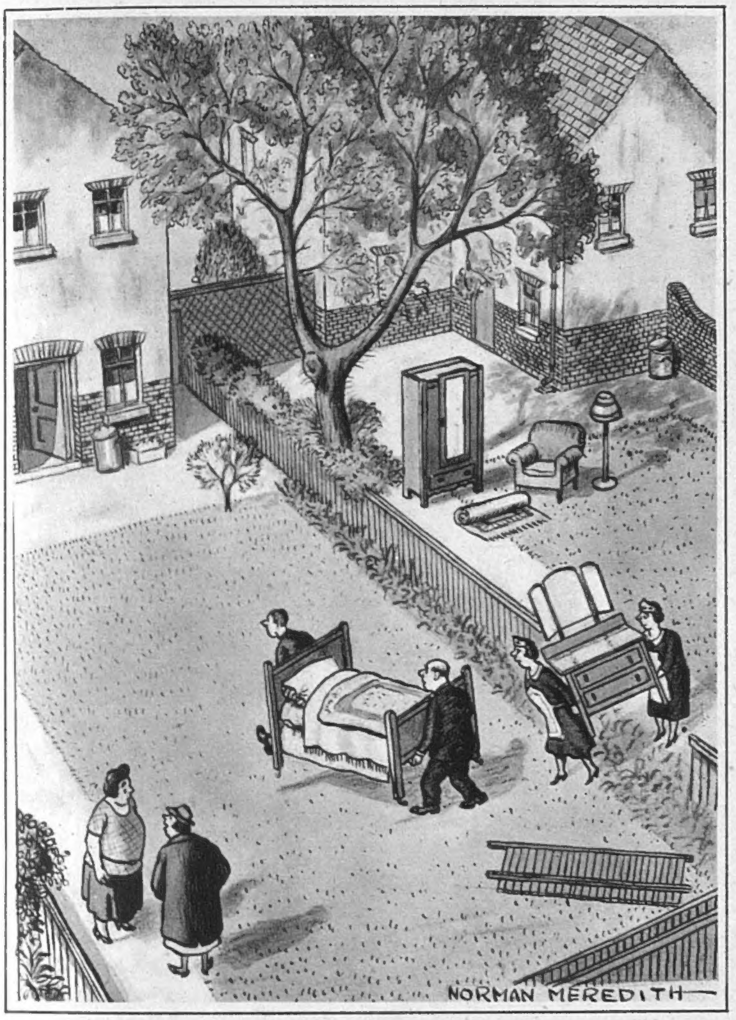
"Looks like the Battle of the Bulge!"

DRAWN BY PHILIP WILDING.

Are They Really Like That?

And I don't know that tongues-across-the-sea are greatly helped by the fact that Britons and Americans have learned, or are supposed to have learned, much of each other's languages through the sound-tracks of Hollywood. It is *not* invariably true

that the opening gambit of polite conversation is, on the one side, "Say, buddy," and, on the other, "I say, old chap." Poor old Hollywood is coming in for a good deal of criticism nowadays as an international interpreter. I see that Mr. Harold Nicolson has been expressing astonishment that Americans "should allow their film industry to distribute throughout the world an endless travesty of the American character," and to "convey and leave the impression that the typical American is either a criminal, a sob sister, or a campus zany. . . . As one who loves the Americans . . . I must raise my foreign voice against this continued falsification of true American values." Mr. Nicolson is not the only admirer of the United States who has often felt strongly on this subject.



"I do hope my staying the night with you isn't giving you too much trouble, Mrs. MacDuff."

DRAWN BY NORMAN MEREDITH.

Muffled Movies.

I suppose Hollywood's answer is that it is not in the business for uplift, but for entertainment and also for profit. I doubt whether entertainment, pure and simple (using those adjectives relatively!), has ever been, or can ever be, the best interpreter of national life. Moreover, Hollywood is not entirely free in the matter. Few people in this country realise under what a tyrannical censorship it works. True, it is a voluntary censorship, but none the less strict on that account. It exists principally to prevent treading on corns; and the number of corns and bunions which exist among the innumerable currents and cross-currents of American opinion is astonishing—perhaps, however, not so astonishing when you remember the size of the film public. An elaborate system of taboos is necessary to prevent hurting the feelings of any considerable section of that vast audience, and Hollywood is thus surprisingly limited in the number of available themes. One of the most obvious is crime, because everybody is supposed to be agreed that crime is wrong and naughty, and that virtue will eventually triumph over it. Luckily for Hollywood, crime also has the merit of being exciting and interesting to the most respectable persons.

Thick and Slab.

I don't think, therefore, that we ought to be too hard on Hollywood, nor do I think that all its hectic gangsterism has been so very wide of the mark; for the best friend of America is bound to admit that the criminal law and the administration of justice are among the weakest points in American civilisation. The pity is that so much emphasis has been laid on the weaknesses, for this not only shows American life in the most unfavourable light, but gives the Englishman an opportunity for his favourite vice of self-righteousness. Anybody who supposes that our own law is above reproach knows very little about it. However, this perpetual representation of the American scene as one of violence and crookdom on the one hand, and of slop and sob-stuff on the other, has undoubtedly done great harm, and is very exasperating to Americans themselves. I am too much indebted to the screen for pleasure and relaxation to speak of it harshly, but I should hate to think—and I know it is not so—that Hollywood was America.

Standing on Your Head.

It is really extraordinary how difficult it is to become accustomed to the unaccustomed. Humanity is fantastically diverse, and yet each little group of it likes to think of itself as the one standard, universal pattern. It takes a lifetime of observation and experience—and even then, most of us learn the lesson imperfectly—to realise that human beings are never quite the same in any two places at the same time, and sometimes are so different that they hardly seem to belong to the same species. Go to China (I 've never done so myself!) and you will find that every one of your most fundamental values is reversed. In a cosmopolitan sense, you frequently have to stand on your head to get a correct view; and I have never understood how any system of "internationalism" or "world-federation" or "Rights of Man" proposes to achieve this universal somersault.

"And tell me—were you always in the A.R.P.?"

DRAWN BY KENNETH BEAUCHAMP.

Heave Half a Brick at Him!

Neither the Americans nor ourselves are very good at standing on their heads; both have an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of planting both feet on the ground, not to say digging in the toes. We, of course, are "insular," and they have spent a hundred and fifty strenuous years in creating a New World, the whole meaning and object of which are to be as different as possible from the Old World. And so the Englishman regards any American

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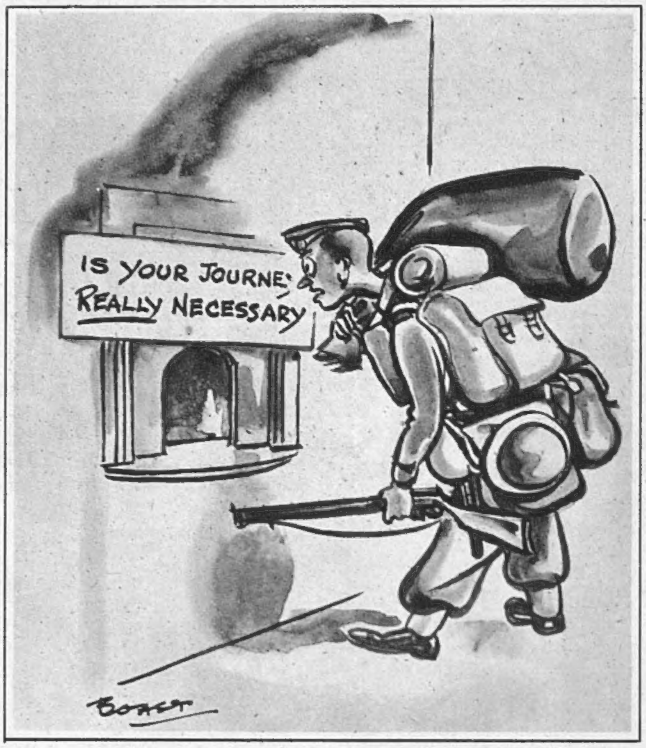
departure from the accustomed as just "bad form." He cannot understand that the American's technique of handling his knife and fork is no more "bad manners" in England than the Englishman's technique is "bad manners" in America. It never occurs to him that these things, like the pronunciation of words, are purely artificial conventions. Conversely, the American (his feet still on the ground) cannot understand that the Englishman may cling to a thing, not because reason and utility commend it, but because it is traditional. If a thing—*e.g.*, a chilly country house—is old and uncomfortable, why, then, get something which is new and comfortable! There is always this paradox in the American attitude to British institutions—on the one hand, an almost superstitious veneration for the ancient, and on the other, impatience with the undoubted inconveniences of the ancient.

Home Was Never Like This.

A good deal of cross-purposes could be saved if we remembered the old precept that comparisons, sooner or later, are bound to become odious. The other day I was much interested in a conversation, in a train, between a young British officer and a couple of American nurses. All parties wished to be friendly, and, as attractions were not lacking on either side, there was no difficulty about *that*—in fact, before the journey ended, a date had been made, with my unspoken and elderly benediction. But the conversation consisted almost entirely of comparisons back and forth across the Atlantic; and although this led to much good-humoured cross-talk and wise-cracking, it was not long (as I expected) before a sub-acid tone developed. When at last one of the damsels asked, in a resigned voice, "Is there any place where I can mail this letter without going to a Post Office?" I could see that the young officer felt the honour of his country impugned, and for a moment there was a strain on international relations. However, I hope the "incident was closed" amicably at the arranged "date." All these everlasting comparisons are not only irritating, but irrelevant. It is not a case of better or worse, but of *different*.

So This is England!

How different for the transatlantic visitor, few realise who have not been through the same apprenticeship of differences "over there." Everybody persisting in the suicidal habit of driving on the wrong side of the road; reckoning money by a maddening system of twelves and twenties; calling things by all the wrong names and looking puzzled, and sometimes slightly shocked, when you call them by the right names—in fact, simply not understanding the President's English! Freezing you off when you want to be just natural and "neighbourly"—"high-hatting" your perfectly ordinary attempts at friendliness! Cold manners and warm beer! Warm drinking-water, too—and never a drop of "Coke"! Not many drops of coffee, either—and what coffee! Talk about our "accent"—why, there are guys from north, south, east and west of England with so much accent they can hardly understand each other, much less us! The radio—hell, call *that* a program? Rain and damp and refrigerated houses and all this old, mouldering stuff everywhere, and, oh, those old cracks about Big Shots and sawn-off guns! Why, even the kids call me "bo" and ask me where's my gat and do I carry one or two!



The Last Straw.

DRAWN BY BOAST.

WASTE-PAPER CHASE.

Sing a Song of Salvage,
Pocketfuls of junk;
Everybody working hard
To make the Germans bunk.

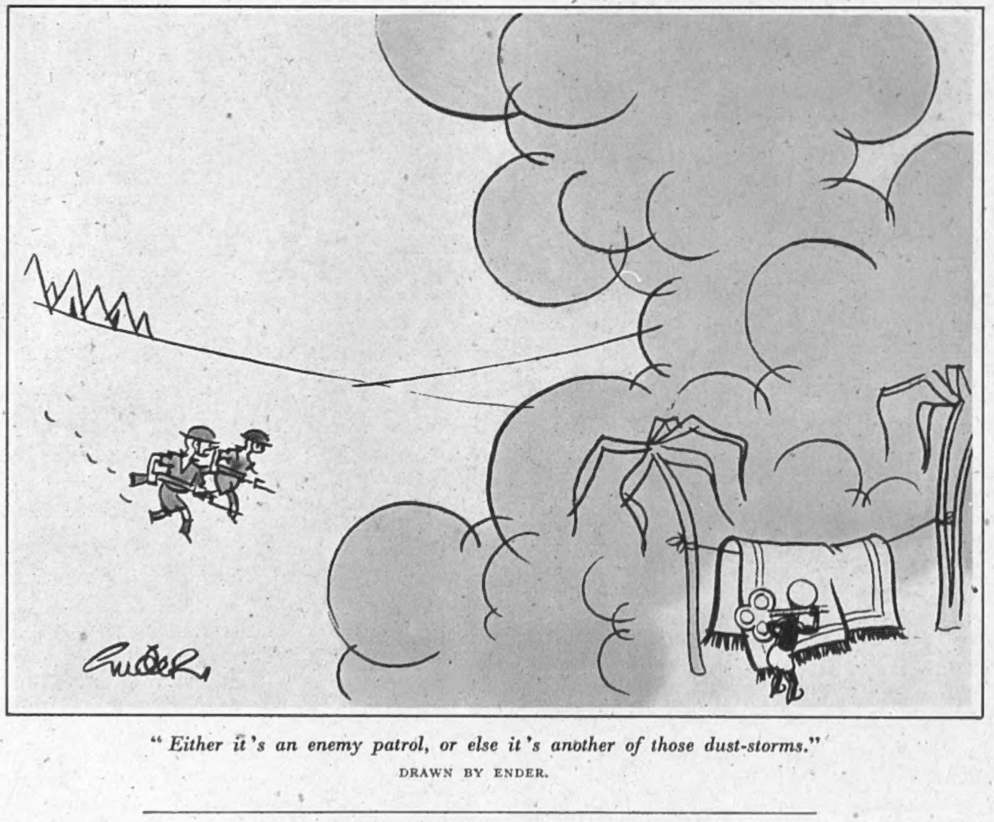
When the bag is opened
The lathes begin to run;
Isn't it a pleasant thing
To pulverise the Hun!

E. F. J. S.

SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER.

Aces and Kings.

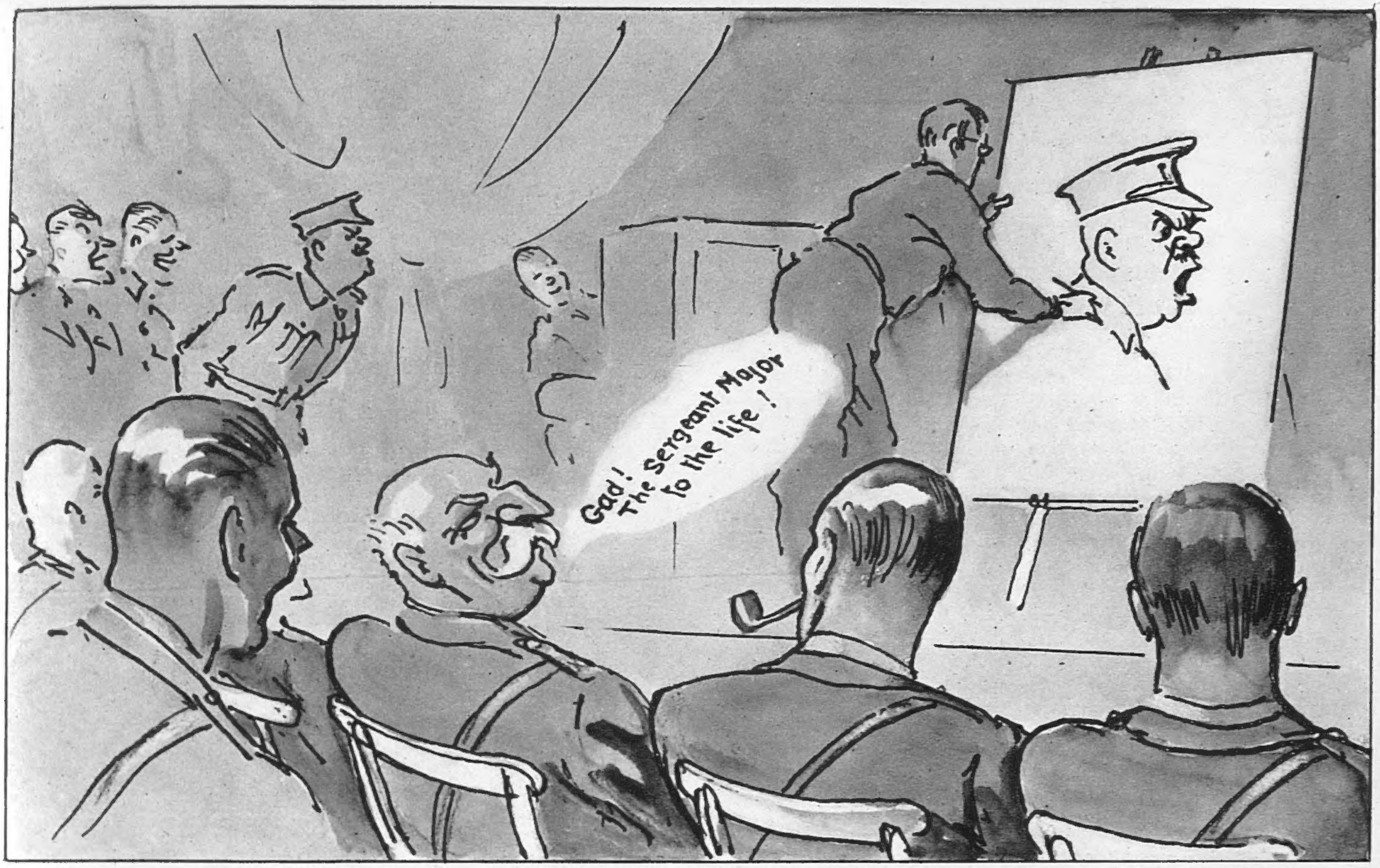
Well, all these strange and vexatious differences can be straightened out in time, with a little good humour; but there are other more fundamental things which it is not so easy for the average American to straighten out. He has to exorcise the ghost of George III., which still, as all his school histories have told him, stalks arrogantly both in London and in Boston. He has to learn, if we can somehow convince him, that this country is not managed by a "privileged" set of lordlings, running round the place in coronets, like the chorus of "Iolanthe," and paying court to a puppet king; that the "ruling classes" are, for better or for worse, a relic of the past; and that this nation *is* a democracy, though a democracy very different from his own. And there is one other very important lesson which I hope he may take away with him, though it may be difficult. Not long ago I heard one of the most distinguished Americans in this country say, in public, that to most of his compatriots the word "empire" was synonymous with "exploitation." If the Doughboy can realise how absurd and unhistorical that notion is, his visit to poor old "decadent" England will not have been in vain. Perhaps, as he looks at India to-day, he is already getting some idea of the truth.

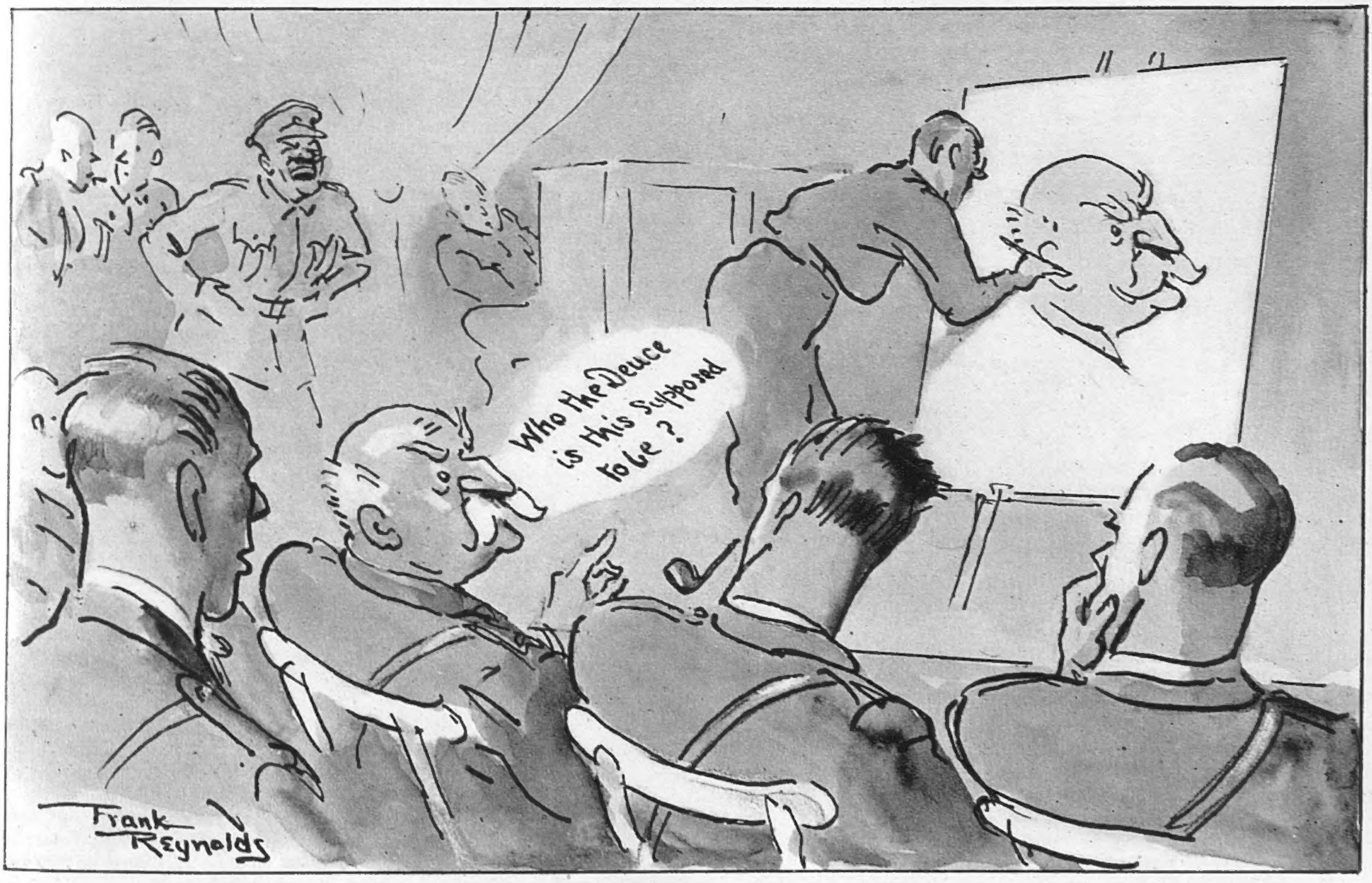


"Either it's an enemy patrol, or else it's another of those dust-storms."

DRAWN BY ENDER.

The forty-fourth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.



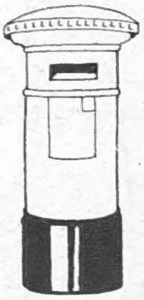


AS OTHERS SEE US.

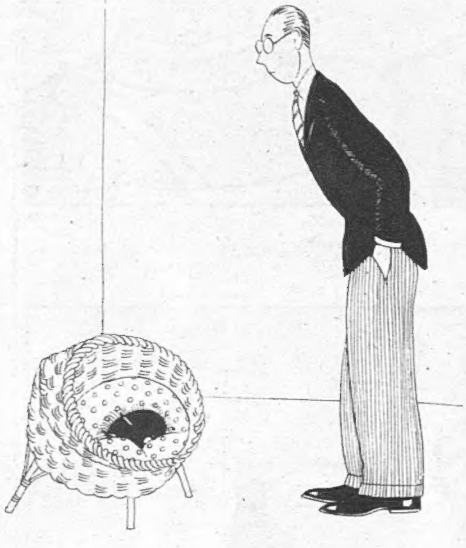
DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Perry, who is now rising fourteen, has become very deaf. This is all to the good as far as he is concerned, for he is now impervious to guns, bangs and sirens, but not quite so good for me, for he is also impervious to whistles, shouts, and screams, and when, on our walks abroad, he takes the High Road and I take the Low, which has ever been his whimsical way, there is no method of bringing him back except that of running after him and grabbing him by the collar. As soon as he sees me getting near, he gives me a roguish look over his shoulder and breaks into a canter. I do the same, and though I am not yet over ninety, and Perry is, he can still run faster than I can, especially uphill. Sometimes he stops and lets me get within a few yards of him, and then, like a horse in a field, he kicks up his heels and is off again.



"Charles looked at Perry."

"Perry, darling," I say, "do stop! Please do stop, Perry!"

Perry pauses for a moment and looks at me. "I am a Poor Old Dog," he seems to say, "well over ninety, blind and deaf, and a little senile, and, of course, I think this is just a jolly chasing game." But he knows, and I know, and he knows that I know that he knows it is nothing of the sort, but just a new way of bothering me, wasting my time, and making me look a fool.

People are very kind about trying to head him off, but we are none of us here as young or agile as we used to be, and Perry always evades them.

"I can't think why you don't come home and leave him," said Charles one day, when I told him of my morning capers.

"Could you leave an old, half-blind and deaf dog alone on the roads with all these Army lorries about?" I said.

Charles looked at Perry, lying in an exhausted sleep in his basket. "No," he said, "I couldn't."

I was engaged upon this mad pursuit and a long way from home yesterday morning, when I met Lady B. In the most sporting way she threw aside her shopping basket and joined in the chase. Perry gave her an evil look, slipped from beneath her fingers, and scampered a little farther up the hill. Then he came upon a Smell. Smells are the big things in Perry's life these days. A good Smell can always hold his attention, and on this occasion I managed to creep up behind him and grab him by the collar.

"Beat him," said Lady B.

I looked at Perry. Gone was the debonair and jaunty dog, so neatly upholstered in black satin, who had been prancing up the hill a few moments before. Perry looked back at me through glazed and bleary eyes. His muzzle was grey and his legs trembled. "I am a Very Old Dog," he said, "and I shan't be with you much longer."

"I can't," I said desperately, and put him on the lead.

"I often wonder," said Lady B., as we walked down the hill together, "whether you get any *real* pleasure out of Perry."

"Oh, we do!" I said. "Nearly every day he makes us laugh."

"Then he's helping to win the war," said Lady B., and she bent down to give Perry an affectionate pat. Perry gazed up at her piteously. He seemed to have been attacked by some sort of ague. "The Poor Old Boy looks very tired," said Lady B. "Don't you think you'd better carry him, Henrietta?"

"Perry gave her an evil look."

I picked him up with a sigh. Perry is a small dog, but he seems kind of heavy to carry about.

"People aren't laughing enough just now," said Lady B.

"The papers haven't been very cheerful," I said.

"All the more reason to laugh," said Lady B. "If we don't look out we shall 'lose the way of smiling,' like Minnehaha——"

"It was Hiawatha."

"—and then we shall be no better than those poor, solemn fools the Germans."

"That would be a pity."

"It would indeed," said Lady B. "You know, Henrietta, I'm all in favour of the New Order. Ever since I gave up my house and went to live in my little flat with my knife, fork, spoon, bed and chair, I have realised how little possessions really matter. The prospect of having five shillings and a little face-powder doled out to me every week leaves me undismayed, if it really *is* going to do away with slums and unemployment and wars and all that; but I do hope, I do *hope*," said Lady B. earnestly, standing still in the road, and putting her hand on my arm, "that it isn't going to be all too pompous and solemn."

"I don't see why it should be."

"Sometimes, in the middle of the night, I have dreadful visions of us all dancing round a maypole, dressed alike in hand-woven material."

"I danced round a maypole at my kindergarten, once. It was fun."

"As long as it's fun, I don't mind," said Lady B., "but I'm so afraid it won't be. Most of the young Reformers I have met have been sadly lacking in humour. If we were to lose the way of smiling, like poor Minnehaha——"

"Hiawatha."

"—it would be a pity," said Lady B.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"'The Poor Old Boy looks very tired.'"

"THE SKETCH" BRAINS TRUST—NO. 7.

Mrs. Loudoun de Vickers-Beere's question : "DOES DEW RISE OR FALL ?" *caused the Resident Member to burn the midnight candle and left him somewhat in the air. From the resulting sketch you can draw your own conclusions.*

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

DISNEY'S "BAMBI" (New Gallery), five years in the making, has arrived in England at last, and proves abundantly worth waiting for. Not so ambitious in scheme as "Fantasia," lacking, perhaps, the timeless story magic of "Snow White," it is in many ways Disney's most felicitous film. The artist is happy and relaxed in the animal world he knows best. Human beings, who have never been Disney's strong point, are absent from the scene. Man is, indeed, the shadow, the menace in the background of the plot. You hear man's gun and his hunting-horn. You see his dogs and the smoke of his camp-fire. But you don't see man. The draughtsmen have not to struggle here with human muscle and bone. It is probable that this accounts in a very real degree for the smoothness, the fluency of the animation.

Comedy is not the prevailing mood of "Bambi," although there are gay moments here and there. The thing has the lyric quality that is found in some of the Silly Symphonies—"The Old Mill" is a case that springs to mind—and in the flower sequence in "Fantasia." Set entirely in the forest, and in the green meadow just outside the forest limits, "Bambi" has been planned and executed to give the impression of a woodland idyll. Oil-painting has been used for the first time for the backgrounds, and the result gives an astonishing sense of depth, a boskiness that adds immeasurably to the atmosphere of the film. The music, too, though not as catchy as the "Snow White" tunes, is probably the most subtle that Disney has yet had contrived. I recommend specially a roundelay called "Little April Shower," a number most cunningly composed to catch the mood of the drawings.

"Bambi," as doubtless almost everyone in England knows by now, is the story of a deer, from his early childhood to the birth of his own twin fawns. The whole thing has a shape as deliberate as a musical composition, as inevitable as the changing cycle of the year. The opening scene shows us the animals—the rabbits, the old owl, the skunks, the birds, even the small underground tunnellers—stealing into the woodland glade to peep at the newly-born Prince. The last scene repeats the first with only the smallest variations. A new spring has come. A new generation of woodland creatures peep out of their nests, and tunnels and burrows. As a child I had a picture-book which fascinated me, called "The Story Without an End"—a fairy-tale of the passing seasons, a fairy-tale, as I see now it must have been, with a philosophy. I have not thought of that book for years, but "Bambi" recalled its charm most vividly to me.

We watch Bambi take his first tottery steps, we hear him learn to talk, under the tutelage of Thumper the Rabbit—a great character, this Thumper—we see the two friends go sliding on the frozen lake, we stand with them and gape at the passage of the full-grown stags, a kind of thunderous Ride of the Valkyrie. A shadow falls over Bambi's life when his mother is shot by a hunter's gun, but an old stag, the King of the Forest, watches over him. Later, we see the young deer and the young rabbit, even the young skunk, struck by the charms of a mate. Everything, as the wise old owl remarks, grows twitterpated in the springtime. Bambi makes his new home with Faline, the doe of his choice, saves her from hunters and hunting-dogs and finally from a forest fire. Last scene of all shows Thumper's children gazing with wondering eyes at Bambi's two young fawns, while Bambi himself stands on a rock with the old King Stag, obviously the newly-chosen monarch of the forest.

Since Disney is happier with the graceful movements of youth than with the muscular strength of age, since he excels in the study of little creatures, small, quaint beasts and birds, the early scenes of "Bambi" have a perfection the later scenes sometimes lack. The King of the Forest has a stuffed and stuffy look at times. The violence of the hunt and the forest fire may seem to some a little out of key. But even in violence the draughtsmanship is often superb. There is a stag-fight, with the bold, dashing colours of a poster, that equals the storm scenes in "Pinocchio" for turbulent movement and design. And nothing could be more engaging than the woodland kindergarten, the effect of snow and reddening leaves and the silver of a first spring shower. For quite sixty-five out of its seventy minutes "Bambi" is sheer enchantment.

"SALUTE JOHN CITIZEN" (Carlton) has had bad luck. It ought to have reached the theatres before "Mrs. Miniver." It was finished three months ago, before the Miniver print had left America. A modest, unassuming, inexpensive little British film, it should have provided the curtain-raiser for the big American picture. But circumstances—about which nobody cares to be specific—have delayed it, and it now arrives in the wake of "Mrs. Miniver's" triumph.

It is hard on "John Citizen," for the subject matter in the two films is so similar that comparisons are practically forced upon the public. And "Mrs. Miniver" itself is such a fine job of film-making, so felicitous in its stars, its script, and its delicate direction, that only a major work could meet it on equal terms. And "Salute John Citizen" is not a major work. It is honest, it is careful, it is sometimes funny and frequently touching, but one misses in it that mysterious X quality, that touch of greatness that can transform a good work into a work of art.

The film is based on the two Bunting stories by Robert Greenwood — "Mr. Bunting" and "Mr. Bunting at War." The Buntings, as we meet them here, are suburban Minivers in a slightly lower income bracket. Mr. Bunting (Edward Rigby) works in a London ironmongery store, travels back by train each night to his home at Laburnum Villa, Kilworth. Mrs. Bunting (Mabel Constanduros) patiently cooks the meals, wipes the dishes, and wears the uniform overall of the suburban housewife. The three young Buntings (Jimmy Hanley, Eric Micklewood and Peggy Cummins) have had better schooling than their parents, and are planning careers for themselves more ambitious than the laundry and garage work their father has chosen for them. Careers indeed, careers and the meeting of the monthly bills, are the chief topics of interest in Laburnum Villa before the war comes, to make all their little problems seem simple and unimportant.

The story is told by the Buntings' neighbour, Oskey (Stanley Holloway). Oskey is a gardening know-all, with strong views on marrows, *garrya eliptica*, and the manuring of tulips. His relations with Mr. Bunting are strained at times by the buttercup seeds that blow in from the adjoining garden. But they are good neighbours

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.
***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler and Judy Campbell. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.
**Ambassadors: "LIGHT AND SHADE." Herbert Farjeon revue. Betty Ann Davies, Max Adrian, Joyce Grenfell.
***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Phyllis Calvert, Adrianne Allen.
*Cambridge: "AWAKE AND SING." Revival, with Lilian Kann, Vivienne Bennett, Martin Miller, Denys Blakelock.
**Coliseum: "MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Revival, with Sonnie Hale; Elsie Randolph.
**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." Raymond Lovell, well supported.
**Duchess: "LIFELINE." First-rate acting in play on the Merchant Navy. Frank Pettingell, Arthur Sinclair, Terence de Marney.
**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.
** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.
**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.
**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver, Jeanne Ravel.
**His Majesty's: "BIG TOP." Cochran's latest, with Beatrice Lillie, Cyril Ritchard, Fred Emney, Madge Elliott, Patricia Burke.
**Lyric: "ESCORT." Sir Patrick Hastings on the Royal Navy.
**New: The Old Vic Shakespeare Company.
**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.
**Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Ben Lyon, Vera Lynn.
**Phœnix: "SKY HIGH" revue. Hermiones Baddeley and Gingold; Walter Crisham; Naunton Wayne; Elizabeth Welch.
*Piccadilly: "MACBETH." John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies.
**Prince of Wales: "NO ORCHIDS FOR MISS BLANDISH." Well-produced, slick gangsterism. Hartley Power, Linden Travers, Robert Newton.
***St. James's: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton, Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.
*St. Martin's: "RAIN." Revival, with Wanda Rotha, G. H. Mulcaster.
**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.
***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.
**Stoll: "ROSE MARIE." Revival, with Marjorie Browne; Phyllis Monkman; Raymond Newell.
*Strand: "REBECCA." Revival, with Owen Nares.
**Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.
*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

all the same. When the war comes, they put up their Anderson shelters side by side. When the elder Bunting boy marries a nurse, it is Oskey who gives the bride, an orphan, away. The film opens, in fact, with Oskey introducing himself and the Bunting family in a wedding group. When Mr. Bunting later becomes a warden, it is Oskey who shows him the ropes. And his cheerful, north-country commentary on the course of the war, illustrated with newsreel shots, gives the film some sort of formal unity.

The main part of "Salute John Citizen" deals with the early war years, and particularly the first autumn of the "blitz." It is natural—for the circumstances were unhappily not unique—that many of the incidents seen in "Mrs. Miniver" should be illustrated again here. We spend a night in a garden air-raid shelter, to the crash of bombs. We attend a service in a ruined church. We see a hasty war-marriage, and share in harassing good-byes. The film is punctuated by the wail of sirens, and the black-out again comes in for its share of the fun.

The film is full of honest little touches, the one that remains most clearly in my mind being the night the young wife has her baby in the "blitz." This scene, played by Jimmy Hanley and his real-life wife, Dinah Sheridan, is painfully acute. A pleasant bit, too, is contributed by Peggy Cummins as the schoolgirl daughter on her first fire-fighting job. It is a wonderful time she has with scoops and sandbags, a really gay, delirious evening, with no thought at all of danger, nothing but the excitement of the chase. This Miss Cummins, I think, is a girl worth watching. She has a bright little face, a face that might make a fortune in Hollywood, and a vivid, natural manner. It may be that she is too young to have acquired it, it may be that the thing just isn't in her make-up, but she is blessedly free of that rather tired refinement that characterises so many of our Young Ladies of the screen.

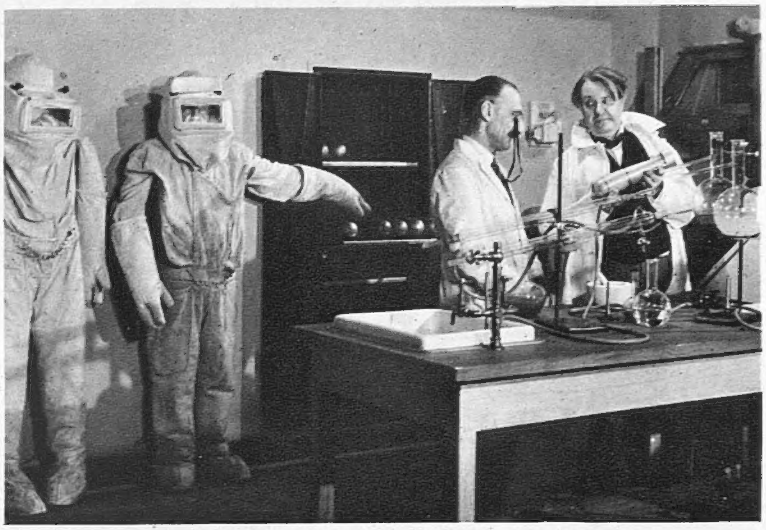
Another of those periodic epidemics is sweeping Hollywood, in which the major stars revolt against the tradition of years, essay "different" rôles, try to prove themselves everything the public hasn't fancied them to be. Comedians feel the urge to play Hamlet. Mature dramatic actresses go gay and girlish. Musical-comedy stars decide that their *forte* lies in straight drama. Garbo flung inhibition to the winds in "Two-faced Woman." Ginger Rogers hid her bright face behind the mask of a moron in "Roxie Hart." Even Bette Davis tumbled in the cactus in "The Bride Came C.O.D." Now Marlene Dietrich, the Blue Angel, the Scarlet Empress, indulges in an orgy of baby-worship in "THE LADY IS WILLING" (Regal).

"All Through the Night" (Warner Theatre). Pepi of the Fifth Column was not ardent enough when his chief called on him to dynamite the battleship in New York harbour. So he is shot, and discovered by Gloves Donahue (HUMPHREY BOGART), *ex-gangster and anti-Nazi.*

Ebbing, Gestapo agent (CONRAD VEIDT), *gets information from Leda* (KAAREN VERNE), *who perforce works for the enemy because her father is held hostage in Germany.*

Marlene meets the conventions so far as to play an actress in the film, one Liza Something. This permits her to wear glamorous gowns and preposterous millinery, to indulge in whims, and even to sing a number. But this Liza, it is made clear from the first, is a pure, unsullied woman. She has no thought for herself. She lives for her friends and pensioners. All her salary is spent on supporting the down-and-outs, the undiscovered geniuses of the profession, barely leaving a penny to buy her own mink coats and jewels, and pay the rent of her palatial, handsomely-equipped apartment. Only one thing her aching heart demands—the touch of tiny fingers. And since Liza is not only unmarried, but unsullied and unsulliable, this raises a problem.

However, Liza is also a quick, alert thinker. Finding a baby abandoned in the street one night, she brings it home and promptly adopts it. When welfare officers remonstrate that a single woman without means cannot adopt a baby, her realistic mind suggests an answer. She takes a husband. The partner she chooses for this purely legal



WILL HAY *(second from left) stars in "The Goose Steps Out" (Odeon, Leicester Square; August 28). As William Potts, schoolmaster—visual double of a German spy—he is sent by M.I.5 to Germany to bring back a secret weapon. Asbestos-suited, he is seen in the German laboratory on a hot scent.*

change of status is a doctor (Fred MacMurray). The doctor has two obvious qualifications for the post. He specialises in the care of children, and he requires *lebensraum* for his researches on seventeen generations of rabbits. A third qualification might be that he has fallen in love with the actress, but of this Liza, less astute than usual, is blissfully unaware.

Since it is obviously only a matter of time before husband and wife are drawn together by the touch of baby fingers, there is no very great dramatic intensity in the story. Much of it, though, is rather prettily gay, Mr. MacMurray is sympathetic, and Mme. Dietrich, with a gentle, Madonna influence in her make-up, has never looked lovelier. There is a perfect orgy of tears at the end for the soft-hearted, when the baby succumbs to an attack of mastoid, right away from civilisation, it seems, somewhere in the wilds of Boston. Only the adoptive father, of course, can safely operate, and it is a heart-catching scene when Mme. Dietrich watches him through the hospital door, stumbles blindly to the theatre to go through her nightly routine. There is even one terrible moment when we fear lest she forget the two cardinal rules of film-making—that in Hollywood love always guides the scalpel, and that the Show Must Go On.

Gloves escapes from the warehouse headquarters of the Fifth Column, taking Leda with him, and a battle ensues in a park.

ROYAL OCCASIONS, WEDDINGS, WAR EFFORTS:

MRS. P'HANG, *the* HON. MRS. EGERTON, MME. MAISKY *and the* HON. LADY CRIPPS *are in this group outside the United Aid to China Fund exhibition and sale. Jack Cheng painted the decorations on the "blitzed" window of the Gallery in Regent Street.*

The marriage of CAPTAIN CLIFTON H. RAYMENT, *Probyn's Horse, only son of Mr. Lionel H. Rayment, to* MISS MARGARET PATRICIA ROWLES, *only daughter of Mr. A. W. Rowles, took place at Rawalpindi.*

MISS MARY ALICE COLLINS *is playing Lorraine Sheldon in "The Man Who Came to Dinner," which has just passed its 300th performance at the Savoy.*

MR. MAX MILDER, *managing director of Warner Brothers in Great Britain, has returned from a visit to the United States. He's with seavacuees* PAMELA *and* JOAN PEARCE.

MRS. ARTEMUS L. GATES, *wife of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air, christened the aircraft-carrier U.S.S. "Essex" with a well-swung bottle of "fizz." The group includes* MR. HOMER L. FERGUSON *and* REAR-ADMIRAL O. L. COX.

The engagement of the HON. FIENNES N. W. CORNWALLIS, *Coldstream Guards, only son of Lord Cornwallis, to* MISS JUDITH L. SCOTT, *daughter of Lieut.-Col. Lacy Scott, is announced.*

TOPICAL NEWS IN PICTURES FROM CANADA, THE U.S. AND HOME.

MISS PAMELA ANNE TODD, *elder daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Todd, and of Mrs. B. M. Mahon, is engaged to Squadron Leader A. T. Staveley, R.A.F., son of the late Capt. G. Staveley.*

MISS JOSEPHINE MARY VAVASOUR, *younger daughter of Captain Sir Leonard Vavasour, Bt., R.N. (Ret.), is engaged to Lieut.-Commander D. H. Fellowes-Hetherington, D.S.C., R.N.*

The marriage of MISS MARY ESTELLE ZERDEL, *A.T.A. pilot, daughter of [illegible]mond Zerdel, of Hollywood, to* PILOT OFFICER ROY WESLEY HOOPER, *[illegible]n of Mr. Chester Hooper, of Los Angeles, took place at Luton Parish Church.*

These children are using the unfinished Guildford Cathedral building for their "physical jerks." Their usual camp was not available, so special permission was given by the Bishop.

H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *visited the Ulster Canteen, Norway House, last week, and talked to members of the Allied Forces. She is inspecting the medals of* CORPORAL R. W. WILLE, *of Granite City, Ill.*

H.M. KING PETER OF YUGOSLAVIA *tried the controls of a Link Trainer during his visit to a Service Flying Training School near Ottawa. He is seen getting information from* FLIGHT LIEUT. J. A. MUNN, *Link Trainer instructor.*

THE BLACK SHEEP.*

By RICHARD KEVERNE.

CLIVE NEALE, as he called himself, had wanted to work the racket years ago, but Eddie Harper never would. Eddie always said it wasn't worth it; the old man hadn't got enough money and, anyhow, he didn't want to go back to England. The real reason, Neale reckoned, was that Eddie had a soft streak; drunks often had. For Eddie wasn't yellow. In the jobs they worked together, it was Eddie who took the chances. Clive was the schemer; immensely patient and cunning.

And there wasn't any risk about it, either. The English police had nothing on Eddie. The job he 'd skipped the country for, his family had hushed up; Eddie had said that many times.

Under a score of names, the American police knew Clive and Eddie. They were a couple of English "con men"—confidence tricksters—with a nasty side-line in blackmail. What Clive Neale's real name was, perhaps he only knew. But Eddie Harper had been Noel Maitland. And from the day when Eddie had babbled something of his early history in a mood of alcoholic self-pity, Clive Neale had been interested. Patiently, in his cunning, furtive way, he had set himself to learn more. Eddie Harper had the surprise of his life when he realised how much Neale had learned, on the night he first suggested working the racket.

But the drink and a gunshot wound he had got in a mix-up in a Pittsburgh saloon took Eddie in the end. Clive Neale was with him when he died. Then, with much thoroughness, he went through Eddie's papers; took some, and all his money, and left him cold on his bed.

In the name of Noel Maitland, Clive Neale shipped aboard a British-bound freighter in Philadelphia the next day. Four weeks later he was walking up the rectory drive in Lingbury. He had worked it all out on that long and tedious voyage in convoy across the Atlantic. So far as he could see, it could not go wrong. And from the look of the rectory garden, and from a few things he 'd picked up at the Crown in Lingbury market-place, the old man was stiff with money.

A slim, smart, grey-haired woman came out of the front door as he approached. Her face was familiar in a vague way. Neale asked courteously, in the cultured English to which he had been bred: "Is Mr. Maitland at home?"

"He 's in the garden somewhere," the woman said pleasantly. "If you 'll come in, I 'll tell him. Er—who shall I say?"

"Noel—Mr. Noel—but he won't know me."

"Noel?" Mrs. Maitland echoed. "Very well, I 'll tell him."

But there was more than a touch of anxiety in her eyes when she turned away, for the grim shadow of Noel Maitland had hung over his family for twenty years past.

Grace Maitland found her husband disbudding chrysanthemums.

"There 's a strange man to see you, dear," she said. "I 've put him in the study."

"What sort of a strange man?" the Rector queried.

"I don't quite know. He talks like a gentleman, and he 's got a trace of American accent."

"What 's his name?"

"Noel. Henry, dear, it couldn't be—it couldn't be——"

"God forbid," the Rector said gravely. "Of course not. Run along about your business now; I 'll deal with him. And don't start inventing troubles." The Rector found a rather shabby-looking man, with a neat beard, gazing from the window at the autumn garden. He greeted him in his usual friendly way.

"Good afternoon. You want to see me?" he said.

Clive Neale answered, with a diffident smile: "Well, yes. Though I 'm not sure you 'll want to see me."

"Oh? And why not?"

"Because, Sir, I 'm the returned prodigal——"

"You 're who?"

Neale glanced about him in a furtive way before he answered. He lowered his voice: "I 'm the black sheep, Uncle Henry. I 'm your nephew Noel."

"Indeed?" There was ice in the Rector's tone.

"I 've come back to see if I can't do something for my country! I may not have been much of a credit to it, but——"

"You were not," the Rector said tersely. "When did you return?"

"Two days ago. I worked my passage in a cargo-boat."

"You 're a little old for the fighting services, aren't you?" The Rector had remained standing, his gaze fixed on the man's blue eyes. Neale did not like that steady gaze.

"I 'm only forty-four."

"And why exactly have you come to see me?"

"Well, Sir"—Neale feigned embarrassment—"I thought you were the most likely of the family to be decent to me."

"I see." The Rector waved him to a chair. "And what precisely do you expect me to do for you?"

"I thought you might give me a little help."

"Financial, you mean?"

"That would be acceptable."

"I thought so." The Rector nodded. "But frankly, I can't see why I should give you any help."

Clive Neale decided that he 'd better get down to brass tacks quick. He abandoned his air of diffidence and became impudent. He shrugged his shoulders and lit a cigarette.

"Well, I can tell you one reason, Uncle Henry," he said. "I reckon I shouldn't be a very acceptable neighbour."

The Rector's face grew even harder. "You would not," he admitted.

Clive Neale grinned. "Glad you 've got that," he said. "It wouldn't be very nice for you and Cousin Marjory to have me about the neighbourhood, would it? She 's married Sir Hugh Rendham, I hear."

"It would not," the Rector agreed once more.

"Then what about it?"—"Well, what about it?"

Clive Neale was growing uneasy. In the many times he 'd worked the blackmail racket he had never met this mood before. Pleading, bluster, threats he had expected; even resignation and a business-like, man-to-man, "let 's-make-a-bargain" attitude. But not this grim, unyielding defiance. He began to bluster.

"I 'll tell you what about it," he began. "If you don't think it worth your while to help me, I stay in Lingbury. Got that? And if I stay in Lingbury, I talk in the pubs, and in two days it will be all over the county that your nephew Noel is back, a drunk who did two years in Maidstone Gaol for robbery when he was up at Oxford, and when he came out he damned near got lagged again over a job at his sister's house, only the family hushed it up and he cleared out to America——"

"I suppose you really are my nephew Noel?" the Rector interrupted.

"Sure," he said. He passed some papers to the Rector, his seaman's papers, an old passport in Noel Maitland's name, and a woman's photograph he had stolen from him. "I can prove it, don't you worry."

The Rector inspected the papers and returned them. "Yes. Yes. That seems definite," he said. "So you kept your mother's photograph. Your behaviour killed her, you know."

"I knew she died." Neale had picked up that fact from Eddie Harper. "I saw it in *The Times*—twenty years ago."

"Nineteen, to be exact," the Rector said. "What is your proposal?"

"I want you to see sense, that 's all. You 've got plenty of money; I 've got none. I don't want to make trouble for you all. It 'll be worth it to you. You know as well as I do you 'd have to clear out of here if I stay. Lose your job, lose your name. So would Marjory. You might as well face facts."

"Unhappily, I am facing them."

"Well, how much will you pay me to clear off? I 'll take a thousand, and you 'll never hear of me again. Cheap for what you and the family will get out of it. And it 's no good trying to bluff about prosecuting," he threatened, "because you daren't. That would ruin you just the same. You 're going to pay in the end, and you might as well do it now."

The Rector raised a hand wearily to his head. "This is a very terrible predicament in which you place me," he said sadly.

"Tripe! You 'll never miss the money."

"Oh, it isn't that," the Rector retorted. "But—but you don't seem to know. You can't know."

"What don't I know?" Clive Neale felt uneasy again.

The Rector spoke with seeming reluctance.

"You are quite right in saying that we tried to hush up that crime you committed at your sister's house. The loss of the few pounds you stole was negligible. But you will recall that you struck the butler when he tried to detain you."

"Did I?" Neale wasn't at all certain of that incident. Eddie Harper had said something about it, but not much.

"You did." The Rector hesitated. "And the man died."

Clive Neale's face had grown set, his mouth open.

"What about it?" he demanded.

"The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder."

"What?" Clive Neale was on his feet, cursing Eddie Harper in his mind. Why the hell hadn't the swine told him? This was why he wouldn't come back to England.

"I thought you couldn't know, or you wouldn't have come back. For the warrant still runs, and you put upon me the terrible responsibility of having to denounce my nephew as a murderer."

Clive Neale was standing like a man petrified. The Rector's hand went out slowly to the telephone on his desk.

"And I 'm afraid that I must not shirk that duty."

"Like hell you will," Neale said, coming suddenly to life. "Put your hand down, or, by gum, I 'll smash your head in! Here, give me that damned thing!" He seized the telephone and battered the receiver on the hearth. "You won't use that, anyhow," he added. "And if you 're not a blasted fool, you 'll keep your mouth shut. I 'm going."

And he went, almost running down the drive.

Grace Maitland found her husband back among his chrysanthemums when she returned from the town.

"It 's all right, then?" she said anxiously. "It wasn't—him?"

"No. Only a scoundrel who tried to pretend he was. But I soon caught him out. He hadn't got Noel's eyes, for one thing, and he thought an old photograph of you was that of his mother. The scoundrel had got hold of some of Noel's belongings somehow, but we shan't have any more trouble with him, I think."

"What did you say to him, Henry?" Mrs. Maitland asked fearfully.

The Rector smiled in a curious way. "Well, dear, I gave him a little information of which he was ignorant. I 'm afraid it was not strictly accurate information. In fact, it was a thumping lie, but I trust the Recording Angel will be kind."

[THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

OUR MIDDLE EAST MINISTER: MR. AND MRS. R. G. CASEY.

Last March, after some discussion, it will be remembered, MR. R. G. CASEY *left Washington, where he was Australia's Minister, to become our Minister of State for the Middle East, and a member of the War Cabinet. Our photograph shows him with* MRS. CASEY *in the house at Mena, near the Pyramids, owned by Mr. Chester Beatty, where they are now living. (Note the Segonzac paintings on the wall.) Mrs. Casey paints with considerable talent herself, and is energetic in helping on young artists and organising shows for them in Australia. She is also an air pilot, and flew her husband from Australia to the U.S.A., and on all his official journeys while Minister in Washington.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF IRAN

THE BABY PRINCESS CHAHNAZ *holds a posy as she plays with her mother,* THE QUEEN.

A pleasantly informal study of THE SHAH *his Queen, and their lit*

In her Persian garden, QUEEN FAWZIEH *is the shrub th*

THESE very attractive pictures of SHAH MUHAMMED RIZA PAHLEVI OF IRAN with QUEEN FAWZIEH and their small daughter, PRINCESS CHAHNAZ, were taken in the Summer Palace, some miles out of Teheran. The palace is modern, and stands at the foot of the Demavand mountain; it has lovely gardens with masses of flowers, a swimming-pool, and tennis courts. MUHAMMED RIZA PAHLEVI came to the throne in 1941, on the abdication of his father, Shah Riza Pahlevi Khan. His education began in Teheran, and he finished his schooling in Lausanne. He did very well at languages; learnt to speak French fluently, and became proficient at games, especially football and lawn tennis. Back in Teheran, he continued his language studies under six tutors, and kept up his games, [*Continued opposite.*

N.B. Colour plate inserted in this issue.

IN THEIR SUMMER PALACE.

IRAN in his Summer Palace, with FAWZIEH, ...ghter, PRINCESS CHAHNAZ.

...spray of purple bougainvillea, plucked from ...background.

THE QUEEN is blue-eyed and very lovely. Her dresses are chic, and her hair is charmingly arranged.

Continued.]

besides interesting himself in the Iran Boy Scout movement, of which he became Chief Scout. In 1939, when Crown Prince, he married Princess Fawzieh, the eldest sister of the King of Egypt, then a girl of seventeen; and in 1940 their daughter was born. Princess Fawzieh began when four years old to learn English, and when she was six, her father, King Fuad of Egypt, set her a course of study which included history, Arabic, French, the Koran and theology generally; and music, handicrafts and sports, special tutors being imported for the languages. All her education took place in Cairo under private tutors, and in 1937 she made a tour of Europe. When the Duke of Gloucester visited Teheran recently, the Shah presented him with a very beautiful Persian carpet. [PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.]

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY ANDREW OF GLOUCESTER *had a welcoming smile for the photographer.*

PRINCE WILLIAM AS HE IS— THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AS HE WAS.

The Duchess of Gloucester's baby son is devoted to the Australian terrier, Zalie, which belongs to his parents.

The royal smile: H.R.H. Prince William of Gloucester is graciously pleased with life!

Concentration: the baby Prince is delighted with the aeroplane toy which has been given to him.

A striking likeness! H.R.H. the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER—*then Prince Henry—at the age of one year.*

H.R.H. PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY ANDREW OF GLOUCESTER, only child of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, was born in December 1941, and at the age of eight months is a magnificent baby, with four teeth and a gay and amiable disposition, as our smiling pictures show. The young Prince is exactly like his father, and readers will be interested to compare our photograph of the Duke of Gloucester as he was at the age of one year with that of his son as he is to-day. They could easily be mistaken for studies of the same child. Our portraits of Prince William were taken at Barnwell Manor, Peterborough, and show him seated in the chair bought by the women of Northampton, who collected for it and presented it to the Duchess.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO LISA AND W. AND D. DOWNEY.

Showing how closely Prince William resembles his father: a smiling picture of the young Prince.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THESE M.T.C. DRIVERS, for ferrying Bren-gun carriers.

WE believe that these MECHANISED TRANSPORT CORPS DRIVERS are the first women ever to drive Bren-gun carriers. The story is interesting. Nine women drivers of the M.T.C. on ferry work at a factory, where they drive heavy vehicles of all sorts, discovered one day that certain Bren-gun carriers ready for delivery could not leave the works as there was no one who could drive them. "Why can't we do it?" they asked. Officialdom said women had never before driven these tank-type vehicles, but their enterprising officer persuaded him that all things were possible, and instructors were provided to teach them. They all passed their tests quite happily and were soon on the road; and this is now just one more routine job for the girls, who ferry the Bren-gun carriers wherever they have to be sent.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GILBERT ADAMS.

THE MEN WHO FLY AND THE WOMEN WHO WAIT:

"Hullo, Doris, my beautiful. How's every little thing?" Peter Kyle (MARTIN WALKER), Count Skriczevinsky (GERALD HINZE), Flight Lieut. Teddy Graham (JACK WATLING), Countess Skriczevinsky (ADRIANNE ALLEN) and Sergeant "Dusty" Miller (LESLIE DWYER).

Left: "I don't know what to say, Teddy. Happy landings or just—come back." Patricia Graham says good-bye to Flight Lieut. Teddy Graham before he starts on a hazardous flight.

"Thanks ever so much, Squadron Leader. I know what a bind it must be breaking bad news to people." Countess Skriczevinsky hears from Squadron Leader Swanson that her husband is missing. Patricia Graham is in the centre.

"Well, darling, are you shaken or are you shaken?" Count Skriczevinsky, Flight Lieut. Teddy Graham, Patricia (PHYLLIS CALVERT), *Peter Kyle, Sergeant "Dusty" Miller and Countess Skriczevinsky (l. to r.).*

"They haven't lit the flare path yet." Mrs. Maudie Miller, Countess Skriczevinsky, and Patricia Graham anxiously watch to see if the 'planes are leaving for their operational flight.

"Sorry, thought I heard a 'Wimpey'." Patricia Graham, Squadron Leader Swanson, Countess Skriczevinsky, Mrs. Oakes (DORA GREGORY), *Sergeant "Dusty" Miller and Flight Lieut. Teddy Graham.*

"FLARE PATH," Terence Rattigan's new play at the Apollo, is an extremely realistic drama of life in the Royal Air Force. The scene is set in a little country hotel near an aerodrome and the characters all have a close connection with the R.A.F. They include a charming ex-actress, Patricia, married to a young pilot; a Polish Countess, who, naturally enough in this wartime world, was formerly an English barmaid, and retains her simple Cockney warm-hearted friendliness; and an air gunner and his wife. Peter Kyle, a screen star, joins the party. He was Patricia's lover before her marriage and she still cares for him, but when her young husband, Teddy, comes through a desperately dangerous raid she realises how much her love and companionship mean to him, and resolutely turns her back on Peter and her past life. "Flare Path" is

"FLARE PATH," TERENCE RATTIGAN'S R.A.F. DRAMA AT THE APOLLO.

" You did say the Skillingsworth bus, Dave ? " Count and Countess Skriczevinsky, Peter Kyle, Sergeant " Dusty " Miller, Mrs. Maudie Miller (KATHLEEN HARRISON), *Mrs. Patricia Graham, and Flight Lieut. Teddy Graham.*

" Can you spare me one husband for a moment ? " Squadron Leader Swanson (IVAN SAMSON) *tells Flight Lieut. Teddy Graham that he is wanted for an important operational flight. Patricia Graham realises that the job is a very dangerous one.*

" The crashed aircraft is A. Apples. L. London, U. Uncle —that 's Teddy's— and S. Sugar are all airborne and now on their way." Peter Kyle, Patricia Graham, Maudie Miller and Countess Skriczevinsky hear the news from Swanson.

Right : " It 's funny I couldn't see you. I don't think I feel very well." Flight Lieut. Teddy Graham with Patricia Graham after his return from his rough and dangerous operational flight.

" Hullo, Mrs. Miller, ducks—can I get you a little dinky or anything ? " Countess Doris Skriczevinsky and Mrs. Maudie Miller.

Anthony Asquith's first stage production. The Air Force atmosphere rings true, for it is the result of the author's two years' experience in the R.A.F., in which he is an air gunner. It is extremely moving and dramatic, and is " first-rate theatre." The scene when the young wives peer anxiously through the black-out curtains and gaze towards the aerodrome to see if the flare path has been lit —an indication that the raid is " on " in spite of bad weather conditions—is most poignant. The acting of the whole cast is first-rate.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

" Cripes, the old Count ! Coo, I am glad to see you back ! " Percy (GEORGE COLE), *Count Skriczevinsky, who has returned safely after being shot down " in the drink," Countess Skriczevinsky, Flight Lieut. Teddy Graham, Squadron Leader Swanson, Sergeant Miller and Mrs. Miller.*

September 1940: *Fighter pilots listen to Wing Commander Geoffrey Crisp* (DAVID NIVEN) *telling them the story of R. J. Mitchell, designer of the famous fighter 'plane, the "Spitfire."*

Way back in 1922. Mr. Higgins (DAVID HORNE) *scoffs at Mitchell's revolutionary design for a streamlined aeroplane. Commander Bride* (ROLAND CULVER) *is sadly watching and listening.*

"THE FIRST OF THE FEW," produced and directed by Leslie Howard, was due for its gala première in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund at the Leicester Square Theatre on August 20. The story opens in September 1940. Fighter pilots awaiting the order to "scramble" hear from Wing Commander Crisp the story of the late R. J. Mitchell, designer of the "Spitfire." The screen flashes back to 1922. Mitchell, assisted by Crisp, is producing amphibian biplanes, but

[*Continued opposite.*

Mitchell discusses the future with his wife (ROSAMUND JOHN) *following the refusal of the authorities to believe in his streamlined monoplane.*

The Schneider Trophy entry, Supermarine "S.6," designe
flight at th

Mitchell and his wife and Crisp, on a peacetime holiday in Germany, watch glider trials and realise that the Nazi Youth Movement spells war.

The blow falls. Mitchell, who has fallen ill, consults a specialis (BREFNI O'RORKE)*, and is told that unless he wants to die, he mus rest for at least a year.*

MAN WHO MADE THE "SPITFIRE":

Lady Houston's emissary hands over to Mitchell (LESLIE HOWARD), Crisp (DAVID NIVEN) and Jefferson (DERRICK DE MARNEY) the cheque to pay for Britain's entry for the Schneider Trophy.

Mitchell talks with Messerschmitt (ERIK FREUND), Krantz (JOHN CHANDOS), Von Straben (F. R. WENDHAUSEN), and other Germans during his peacetime holiday visit to Berlin.

by Mitchell, is preparing to set off on its victorious meeting in Venice.

Lady Houston (TONIE EDGAR BRUCE), patriotic millionairess, tells R. J. Mitchell that she believes in him and his ideas, and that she will not forget him.

Continued.]
dreams of a streamlined monoplane fighter. Schneider Trophy disappointments and final triumph, Lady Houston's support of aviation and Mitchell's peacetime visit to Germany are presented. He battles against prejudice, but falls ill and is told that unless he rests for a year he will die. He sacrifices himself to produce the great fighter 'plane, now known as the "Spitfire," and lives to see all difficulties swept away. The film ends with the roar and rattle of the Battle of Britain on September 15, when 185 *Luftwaffe* 'planes meet their end.

Squadron Leader Jefferson (DERRICK DE MARNEY) and Crisp arrive in Venice for the Schneider Trophy contest. They are welcomed by Bertorelli (F. DEL GUIDICE).

Crisp at the bedside of Mitchell. He is consoling him and telling him not to worry about the official attitude to the "Spitfire" designs.

"THE FIRST OF THE FEW."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"SINGAPORE RIVER" is the story of a Chinese family who, in the year 1909, left their home in the Liu valley and emigrated to Singapore. The Cheongs had been settled in "The Hall of the Sleeping Cloud" for forty generations, and the effect on them of this break with tradition can be imagined—at least, it can be imagined when Mr. Robert Payne has described it—and nothing but a grievous calamity would have made them take such a step. For the offence of "parleying with bandits" instead of fighting them, the family had been ordered by the Emperor to pay an enormous fine; thus the move to Singapore was a flight from disgrace, as well as from financial ruin. They did not despair, however, remembering the saying in the Buddhist temple where they used to worship: "Out of the thousand calamities rises the everlasting peace."

The Thousand Calamities.

This saying might stand as the motto of the book, for the tribulations of the Cheongs were by no means over when they arrived in Singapore; indeed, those of the younger generation had hardly begun, and the Sino-Japanese war, with which the story ends, was still a long way ahead. Four generations of Cheongs ultimately contribute to Mr. Payne's picture of Chinese civilisation in exile; of these, the most elaborately drawn are the old grandfather, and the son of the third generation, an adolescent when the story begins, a middle-aged soldier fighting for China when it ends. This Cheong found a fond and faithful concubine, and a faithless and pleasure-loving wife: his material prosperity outstripped his private happiness. Yet there is so much richness of experience in his life, so much light and shade, such a surge of confidence when his story breaks off, that one could not call him an unhappy or even an unfortunate man. He falls a little under the influence of Western ideas, but not much. Grandfather is too old to heed the siren song of the West; he represents the ancient culture of China:

"You must learn to write well," grandfather said in an imploring voice. "You must be worthy of your ancestors. Cheong Chu-men was the greatest calligrapher in the Sung Dynasty.... There is no time when you should not be thinking of calligraphy."

Then and Now.

What a praiseworthy and civilising preoccupation, and how sad that the Chinese have had to turn to others so much less congenial to them. "In China, only the least worthy think of fighting," grandfather observed; but times change, and his grandson deemed it as a sacred duty to defend his fatherland. Mr. Payne makes plain the process by which he arrived at this decision, for he has an uncanny insight into the Chinese mind. In narrative he is sometimes a little weak, not because he lacks the ability to create incident, but because the episodes, though often exciting themselves, are too clumsily introduced to have their due dramatic effect. He may not have many tricks to catch the reader's attention, but in its sober, unostentatious way his story is full of beauty and interest.

*The place—the Western Desert; the occasion—*MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S *recent surprise visit to the Middle East, when he met Allied Service chiefs at G.H.Q., made a tour of Service headquarters, and saw the Eighth Army, on his way to meet Premier Stalin in Moscow. His talk to the troops was evidently characteristically witty and spirited, judging by the broadly approving smiles of the men.*

Another Exile.

Miss Elisabeth Kyle is another novelist who avoids the doubtful aids of glitter and polish, and is content to let her extremely sound workmanship speak for itself. "But We Are Exiles" has a Hungarian setting which gives it the attraction of the unfamiliar. By now we are fairly well accustomed to matriarchs who suck the vitality out of their family and their dependants; but Her Excellency, Frau Szitanyi, though a matriarch, is a matriarch with a difference, just as her "victim," the English governess who for so many years enjoyed her hospitality, is by no means the regulation victim of selfish, dominating aristocrats. Her Excellency is kind and sensible, and only unscrupulous at rare intervals; Pearl, who entered her service before the last war, and ends it in this, is a humdrum, unremarkable woman, apart from her capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice. "Nothing was ever real to Pearl unless it happened before her eyes"; but when it did happen, when, for instance, Her Excellency's only son, for whom, when he was a gay Huszar, Pearl had cherished a romantic passion, became a cripple, and a tiresome, complaining cripple, Pearl gave him all the attention his gay, hard wife should have given him, and did not. Thus, under the semi-feudal conditions that prevailed at the comfortable country house, Pearl passed from youth to middle age, almost forgetting her country, perhaps quite forgetting the Englishman who had wanted to marry her.

The Awakening.

Her life was not uneventful. A practical woman, Her Excellency was not one to let slide anything connected with her family or with the estate; Pearl was her confidante, and, at least on one occasion, very unwillingly, her fellow-conspirator. After the first World War came Bela Kun's reign of terror and the terrible episode, thrillingly described, in which the crippled son of the house lost his life more nobly than he had lived it. Then there is the clash of wills between Frau Szitanyi and her daughter-in-law as to who should direct the education of the heir to the estate. And then the present war, and Pearl's awakening—aided, rather improbably, I thought, by her employer—to her own country's claims.

The episode of the stranded English airman, that snaps the story's thread, shows how frail it is, and may be regarded in a sense as a criticism of the book: it has no marked construction or design, and needs, almost literally, a *deus ex machina* to end it. In this connection I feel I must register a protest against the habit which is growing on authors of letting the war end their stories for them, as if it were a kind of universal *dénouement* that could be applied equally well to any set of circumstances. Here it has the justification of being the logical outcome of Pearl's new-born patriotism; but, even so, it is a kind of get-out and unworthy of a writer of Miss Kyle's distinction.

Out of the Picture.

"Requiem for Robert" has the qualities of its predecessor, "Death on Herons' Mere"—great sensitiveness to atmosphere, interesting characters, an unusual situation, and a literary style much above the average. And from the point of view of the detective-story reader, it has the same defect: the detection interest seems like an intrusion, a foreign element; the book would be more comfortable, more at ease with itself, as a "straight" novel. There is a well-worn convention in detective fiction that the victim should not be a real person in whom one is interested for his or her own sake, and for whom one grieves, but, in the strict sense of the term, a *corpus vile*, about which the important thing is that it is dead. Miss Mary Fitt does not adopt this convention. When Robert Raynald was found shot, his mother, his wife and his daughter each separately inserted in the newspaper the announcement of his Requiem Mass:

"H'm," said Mallett. "They look alike, but there are differences. It seems as if there were some rivalry between these good ladies—some slight struggle for possession of the deceased Robert. I wonder what 'suddenly' implies. It 's odd in a man of forty-five."

From this moment, and throughout the story, Robert was more interesting—to me, at any rate—alive than dead; and the author's psychological detective-work into his past life more absorbing than the inquiries of the professional and amateur investigators into the cause of his demise. Indeed, one is aware of a sense of indelicacy, which I do not remember meeting in a detective-story before, about inquiring into it at all. Inspector Mallett and Dr. Fitzbrown, besides being good at their job, are likable men; yet, when Mallett interrogates Father Gregory, Robert's spiritual adviser, we feel that this is going almost too far. The household at the Hall had been a very odd one, with those equivocal hangers-on retained for various reasons; and if Miss Fitt does not make Rosa and Josey and Paul Judson quite convincing, it is because she has to present them as suspects, rather than as human beings. Moreover, the religious element, for the very reason that it is sincere, clashes with the inevitable artificiality of the detective-story convention. Still, this is a novel of unusual merit.

Britain in Pictures.

"The Story of Scotland" is a large subject to condense into the small space permitted to the contributors to the "Britain in Pictures" series, and though Dr. Fraser Darling tackles it with a good heart and a determination to overlook no aspect of his theme, he does suffer a little from lack of elbow-room, and the consequent temptation to over-simplification that leads him to dismiss James II. as "worthless," which is debatable, and to say that Mungo Park "mapped the course of the Niger," which is incorrect. All the same, he gives us an excellent bird's-eye view, and his sketch of the history of Scotland, with its emphasis on the part played in politics by the Presbyterian Church, is particularly interesting.

Expanded and developed though they have been in the last thirty or forty years, "English Social Services" (in the same series) offers a narrower field. Sir George Newman gives a record of increasing solicitude, on the part both of individuals and the State, for the physical welfare of young and old.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Singapore River. By Robert Payne. *(Heinemann; 10s. 6d.)*
But We Are Exiles. By Elisabeth Kyle. *(Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.)*
Requiem for Robert. By Mary Fitt. *(Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.)*
The Story of Scotland. By F. Fraser Darling. *Britain in Pictures Series. (Collins; 3s. 6d.)*
English Social Services. By Sir George Newman. *Britain in Pictures Series. (Collins; 3s. 6d.)*

THREE-STAR "MR. TWILIGHT."

RONALD COLMAN *wears a neat beard as the dean of a law school, and* JEAN ARTHUR, *who plays a real-estate career woman, has a good hair-do.*

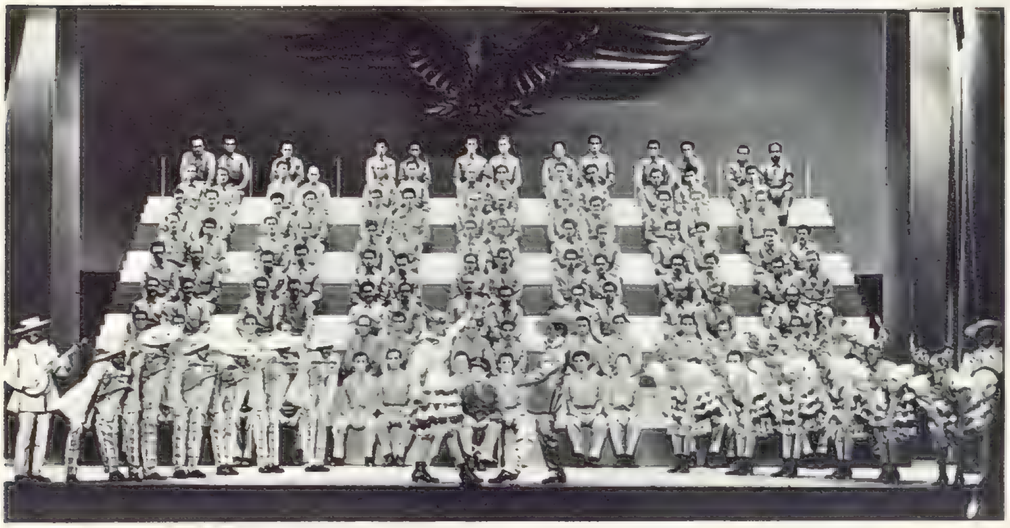
Another sequence with RONALD COLMAN *and* JEAN ARTHUR *from Columbia's biggest film "Mr. Twilight."*

JEAN ARTHUR *as the real-estate girl, in a dramatic moment with* CARY GRANT, *a self-educated fugitive from justice.*

"MR. TWILIGHT" is the biggest film that Columbia has ever made. The three stars, Cary Grant, Jean Arthur and Ronald Colman, appear in a picture with a New England background and a dramatic story. The film is produced and directed by George Stevens. It is now completed and may be expected to arrive in this country in the near future, when it should rouse lots of interest as it has been tipped as one of the outstanding pictures of the year.

All curls on the top of the head, and a cap with a net chin-strap: JEAN ARTHUR *in her new picture.*

"THIS IS THE ARMY"—PRESENTED BY UNCLE SAM ON BROADWAY.

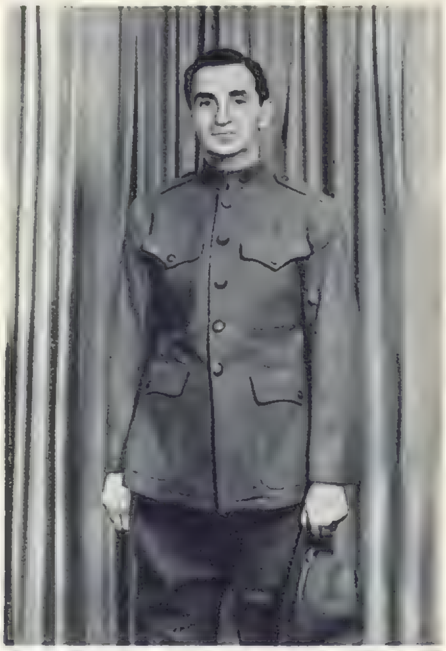


"A Military Minstrel Show" is the opening number of Irving Berlin's new soldier revue presented at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

PRIVATE HAYDEN RORKE *and* PRIVATE RICHARD MANSON *as Noel Coward and Jane Cowl in "Stage Door Canteen."*

PRIVATE "JULIE" OSHINS *gives a burlesque of Gypsy Rose Lee in the amusing number "Stage Door Canteen."*

A burlesque of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt by PRIVATE TILESTON PERRY *and* P.F.C. JAMES MacCOLL.



IRVING BERLIN, *responsible for the lyrics and music of "This is the Army," a 1942 version of his first World War hit "Yip, Yip, Yaphank."*

UNCLE SAM'S own show, the U.S. soldier revue "This is the Army," presented at the Broadway Theatre, New York, is a rousing affair, a worthy successor to Irving Berlin's last World War hit "Yip, Yip, Yaphank." In one of the numbers Mr. Berlin appears with a group of veterans from the 1918 show to sing his popular tune of the first World War "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." The prancing, high-stepping chorus "girls" are both gifted and humorous, and the burlesques of well-known personalities in "Stage Door Canteen" grand fun. There are rousing tunes by Irving Berlin, good scenery and costumes designed by Private John Koenig, and a big Army orchestra.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDAMM STUDIO AND LUCAS-PRITCHARD.

The Navy Finale of Act I., one of the striking scenes in the show, which was put on in aid of the Army Emergency Relief.

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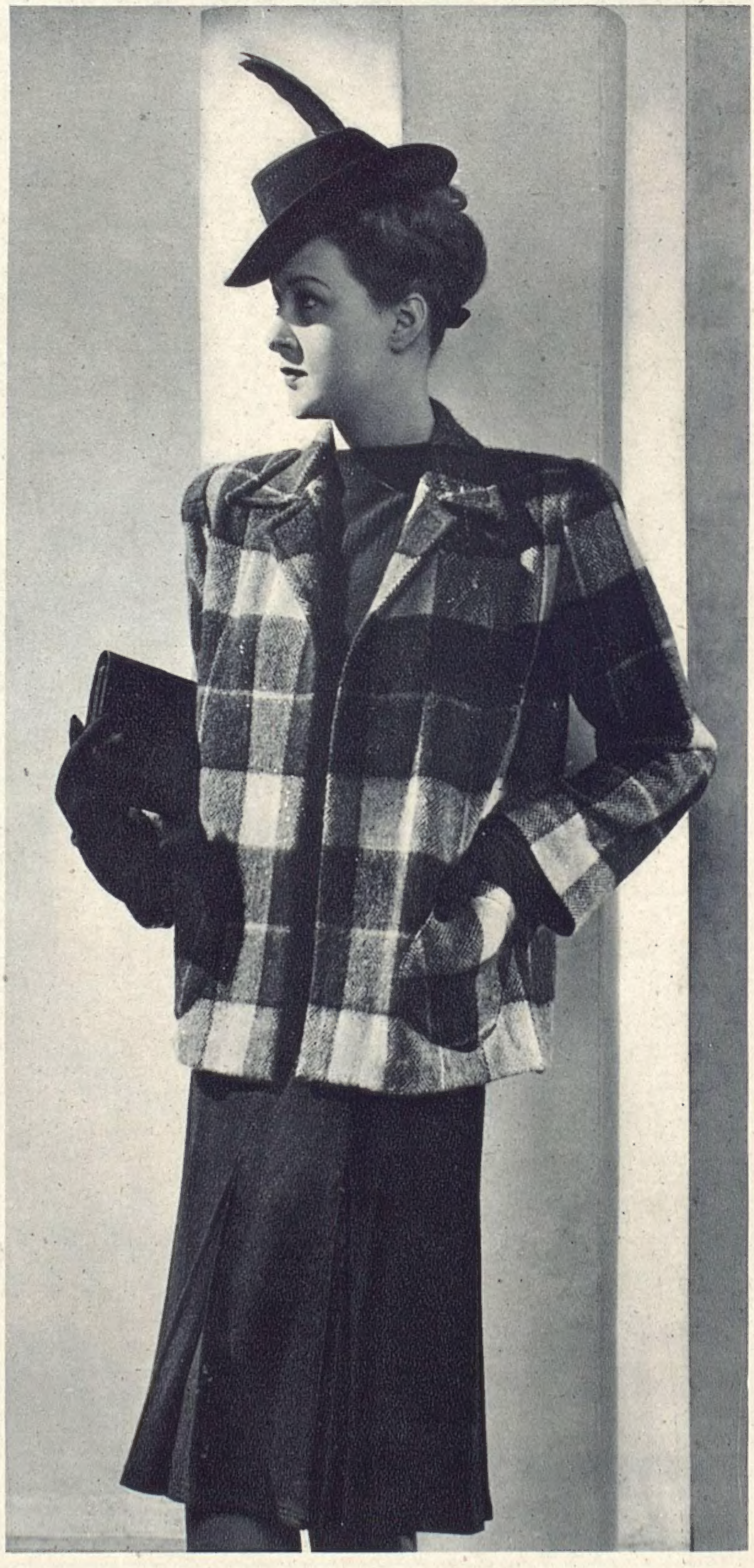
WOMEN IN WARTIME

SHETLAND WOOL SLIP-ON JACKETS

FLATTERING FURS:
AUSTRALIAN OPOSSUM AND INDIAN LAMB



ENGLISHWOMEN never do their best work when they are cold. Therefore it behoves them to become the possessors of a warm tweed or fur coat. Now, the latter is not an extravagance, as, when a durable pelt is selected, the weather has no deleterious effect on it, and, as a matter of fact, there is no better investment for coupons. It is in the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, that the Australian opossum coat above may be seen. A casual glance suggests chinchilla, but, of course, it is not. Indian lamb is another fur that is regarded with much favour, in grey as well as black. Naturally, ocelot is very much liked, but it must be frankly admitted that it is very difficult to obtain. Sable mink and ermine are rare and are in the same category as precious stones. Greenland seal and ponyskin are for the country, their length of life being well-nigh unending.

IT may with justice be said that fashions are of the chameleon character, as with slight alterations they may take unto themselves a new lease of life. The outfit pictured on the right comes from Peter Robinson, Oxford Street. In its present form it consists of a Shetland wool jacket, showing a bold design, is available in a variety of colour schemes, and is called the 1942 slip-on, or odd jacket. With it is worn a pleated tailored skirt picking up the darkest shade of the plaid. The botany wool sweater worn with it is in four sizes. The trio may be purchased separately, and other occupants of the wardrobe may be worn with them. A few words must be said about this firm's skirts, short or long. They are destined to accompany decorative blouses that have been designed and carried out for informal social functions.

Lips with a Dress Sense

.. lips with a purpose in life—coupon-free accessories of your coupon ward-robe . . . harmonious, glowingly warm, long-lasting . . . with GALA. Not always easy to find is GALA, but how worth the seeking. Buy GALA wherever you can and add that touch of poise and preparedness for to-day . . . that touch of brightness and hope for to-morrow.

Gala

Gala Lipstick 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6. Also Gala Facial Cream and New size Powder, 4/6 each.

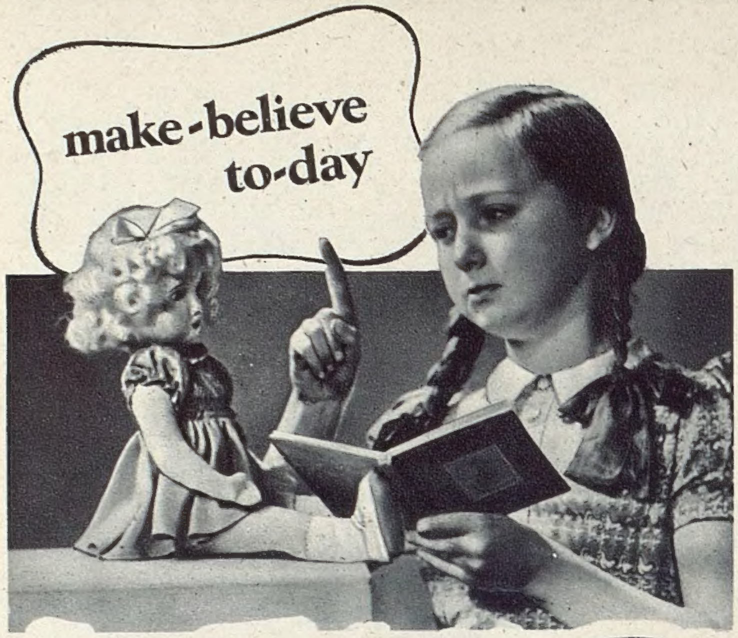
THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

BOOTH'S
DRY GIN

MAXIMUM PRICES: 22/6 PER BOTTLE; HALF BOTTLE 11/9. (U.K. ONLY)

THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE



In ten years time she'll be on the threshold of a new life, eager to strike out into a new world and full of enthusiasm for her new responsibility—that of helping to guide the destinies of all we have loved and fought for. Give her every chance to succeed!

For now is the time to save for the future of your children by cutting all spending to the bone and starting the savings habit—the habit of saving regularly each week. Start now to help them then. Your savings serve you doubly — they buy the weapons of attack to-day and they afford you the means of being your kiddies' best friend in the world of to-morrow.

Secure to-morrow by saving to-day

Savings Bonds. National War Bonds. Defence Bonds. National Savings Certificates. Post Office and Trustee Savings Banks.

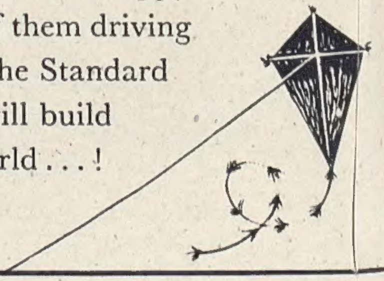
Issued by The National Savings Committee

Fine flying weather . . .

Above, in the summer sky, the scarlet kite, abandoning its downward plunges, soars steadily upwards, borne by a wind of a strength unguessed-at here below.

But this is in a London Park—*what about the balloon barrage? What about the ban on kites?* And these children—*should they not be in some safer area now?*

Ah, but they are citizens of the world after the War. Happy children—flying kites. And on the roads—happy motorists. Many of them driving the new cars that the Standard Motor Company will build for the post-war world . . . !



The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry